

A Long History of Images



By Shomit Sirohi

I. 1908, Italian
Roman
Literature and
its Circles

In fact then in 1908,
a Italian peasant
man then walks into

a café and even
writes a note to the
bank and walks
back to his house. In
the sense then of
Mussolini's
dictatorship and
fascism, comes the
process of writers
who then smoke and
protest this a lot. It
is a lot of people
walking around
squares. In Roma,

the writer's club
was meeting for an
important cheque
and cash way of
getting around their
crisis. They live in
organic decaying
housing, with rain
falling. Mechanical
materialists, the
newspaper
comments on what
seems like life best
described as then

the meaning of life,
going past you in a
car and how
literature is that
sense of infinity in
man. Infinity then in
its own kind is
literature. One then
walks past the
piazzos of Roma and
finds these writers
smoking cigarettes
and in 1958, a
certain Alenette was

walking to Parisian
cafes and smoking
himself and arguing
that the history of
the 19th century is
also then relevant to
us.

II. Literature as an Image of Life

In 1910, the Italian
circle migrated to

Mexico and worked
in offices, life is then
this journey which
belongs to writing.
And in fact is a
meditation as far as
we know and only
that. Meditations
then means can life
live up to literature?
Arturo Belano
comes into the
picture in 1927,
perhaps and even

was young in 1910
and was always
arguing. Life is lived
like a vast Greek
tragedy. It is simple
epistles and Roman
Italian language
circles which will
confirm life's
destined arc. That
we are all in fact
people who live and
write and write
fictions, but there is

only the literature
we produce as
Homer would argue,
the Illiad was lived
but also written. It
means life is lived as
a fragment unless
we match up to the
old Italian custom
these writers had, of
it raining and nights
going by intoxicated
by writing and
literature. That

organic decaying
and that sense of
people working in
cheap offices, and
now writing and
now talking.

III. An Arc

Journalists get
outside the offices of
New York and lock
the door and work

out a process of the standard story of heroism. But what then is literature and cinema to these journalists who prefer the standard academic life. That large glory of literature, beating its luminous wings in the margins. Something like an epic, the history of

journalists are all
working in offices
and billing an old
pay phone.

IV. How was I so Fine?

Arturo meets his
lover and meets her
in a Mexican café
and spoke to her.
He said in fact life is

an image of art, but literature is meant to be called exile and even illness, it is like an illness we live intoxicated with literature. Jorge Luis Borges was then in Argentina and dancing and swinging to the process of an eternity he meant of women. Ilaan was in

fact laughing and
crying reading this
long 2000 page
novel he found
which was about the
immortal fact of
Homer's point and
Vigil. Imagine - la
processo de
literature es en
facto infinidad y es
la refleccion de una
person in la
literatura que es la

inmortalidad de
Spartacus.

The three with
Mariol met in
Greece at the
Parthenon and
smoked and laughed
and cried. They
understood in 1968
the meaning of
literature. That it is
lived in fact by
reading. The

readerly type.

Women were all in fact dropping into the ground and I was also with them and we were acting out a standard scene and it was theatre and cinema. But not literature we meant.

Literature is more like a rum and rain

and reading. That
joy of reading.

V. You Make Me So Hot

What is this
mechanical
behaviour Cesara
said to Ilaan, this
machine which is so
mechanical and
Dadaist in fact, with

a machine starting
its talking and being
mechanical till it
flies. Women were
then dressed in
eternal clothing and
they all said “You
make me so hot.”
Now literature
groups in the long
20th century said,
that this acting is so
complex and so fine.
It is like cinema. Be

profound, you see
this is all in Homer
and Vigil already –
that we are hot and
speak in hot
language. Like
Chryseis who speaks
in her language of
hot to Achilles. And
it is hot, that we
forget, it is hot. Like
a hot act, only hot.
Las chicas estan
sobre la infinidad de

reflección en la
palabra. La Lógica
del mundo, es
sexualidad, la
prefiero la
sexualidad de una
actriz, como ella. She
smoked like La Goya
la Lorca, because it
was hot. Am I hot?
I'm hot. Why?
Because I am in fact
that hot. It is like
when you say in

Lorca, Jorge Luis
Borges says – la
Lorca is now in fact
hot. It is something
like translation.
Something like this
work by Homer
being translated, we
are living a Homer's
Illiad I meant. I am
sure it is Illiad.
Every page, and
incident then
changes to an edit

and changes to that moment we were perfect, that moment we hit the perfect logic which then is in Homer, as he walked out of the library, the moment of an Illiadnic excurses. It means in fact in page 40 of Argentinos Illiadnes it says "A man is always perfect, and

woman is her
competition in
philosophy, and it is
wisdom but we also
mean sexuality at a
maximal it is also in
fact hot, that word
loved by all. It also
means they are that
fly and that
movement. As
Borges walks about
in his room just
now, and say why

not be more
profound, it says it
all, says it all, it is
just the accent that
does it, just the gaze
which then is like a
tiger in space what
is the sexual act in
tiempos.”

Part II –

I. Structural Transformations in the 1920s to 1980s

A woman, Ilaaya
was then in fever
and really in fever
and was weak and
sang and sang a lot
to the man, Allenos
and was in fact all
about him and
wanted to say to him

he is what she
needs. She kept in
fact sleeping and
working in a kitchen
and then talking to
him and this then
Ulysses argues is
materialism in a
woman and love and
sex and it means in
fact – when they
then explore the
love they should be
materialists. It

should be about in
fact the process of
talking and learning
the organic bodies
and the organic
expression of
language and then it
should become a
passion of the kind
never seen before. I
believe only in – the
sense of his body
and his shaved face
and my hair falls on

my back and this
then is what he calls
my long hair. I am
just about in fact the
process of what
Ulysses calls the
process of love
becoming in fact a
full blown passion.

II. I Have a
Passion for
Him

Elenate says all I care about is my lover and his well being. I also think we understand it all. I am not interested in anything else.

III. Illiad

On this question, Jorge argues, the Illiad is then about a ship and a ship

caught by God and
then read this as the
meaning of God,
that there is in all
the figuratives of
this novel already in
fact the process of
God shipwrecking a
person and working
out a office which
shifts to this house
and it all means if I
am correct that we
are in a long journey

which means in fact that there is – “La expression de sexo en feminidad” which means we are all exploring literature in life.

IV. Arturo on the Meaning of Literature

In his long coat,
Arturo in the 1920s
was in fact stylishly

acting and said she
is hotter and better
don't worry and she
wanted to say, I am
far higher.

III. A Long Journey in the Long 20th Century

The process of
reflections among
the writers then was
in the long 20th

century a long
process of
migrations and
writer's associations
and journalistic
heroism and even a
long journey of their
worlds and critics
also joined the
migratory
movements. Living
like migrants they
realised poverty and
crime was part of

life and literature is
a work of greater
imagination. All our
lives were dedicated
to literature, that
Patria and that land
which never ceases
to wonder.

Along the lines of a
dance in the 1910
circle of the Italian
writers there was a
lot of dancing and

singing. It was like a movie.

V. Writers in
Class Rooms
and Their
Style in
Italian 1900s

In fact putting their
hands in their
pockets and walking
up and down in
humour. The

Italians smoked and talked and meant that this was what bend means, and bent and sang. They even meant this was life. It has bends.

VI. A Lesson in
Bending and
Forms of
Acting and
Even Notes

Being Read in Italy again

In fact by 1921,
there were seven
writers who
migrated from
Italian cities to in
fact Peru and then
Bolivia and they
were about the
migrant work life
which then was all
about writing

literature and
working on
publishing.

VII. Critics

A lot of critics then
came to the Italian
circle and explained
their points in Italy
again in 1921 and
were in fact pointing
to the notes of
music being lived in
their art of living.

Like when you say “I
bend to the ground
in Stendhal” it is
like that Stendhal
and means it is all
like beauty
swooning. One
should not be
opposed to
swooning.

Part III.
In complex
narratives and

innovative literary style the Argentine writers were living in the Spanish coasts and working out a number of novels. After a tumultuous life that saw him leaving Chile following the Pinochet coup, Arturo spent significant periods in Mexico, El

Salvador, and finally Spain, where he settled in the early 1980s. His body of work spans novels, short stories, and poetry, with notable titles including.

Artemio his comrade from writer's notation group which wrote on notations, music and life had writing

often intertwining
elements of noir,
existentialism, and
social critique,
which has earned
him acclaim as a
major figure in
contemporary
literature.

I. The Critics - The Search for Benno

Four European literary critics obsessed with the elusive German writer Benno. This group comprises Jean Sefira from France, Manuel from Spain, another man from Italy, and another critic from Southern Argentina who was then part of Spanish life

again. United by
their academic
passion and
reverence for
German
expressionism, their
lives intertwine both
personally and
professionally as
they delve deeper
into the enigmatic
literary figure
whose works have
profoundly impacted

each of them. Their initial interactions take place during academic conferences and publications, where reverence for Benno work paves the way for intellectual camaraderie.

However, as time progresses, the intensified their search of the

writings of Peira
and Gutieraz. Their
search might be in
Mexico one
afternoon where
they were in fact in
a conference
smoking and talking
as a public
convention held
there and their
lectures continued.
This leads to a
collective decision

to meet in Southern Mexico among the peasants. Their journey signifies a deeper quest, not just for the man behind the masterpieces, but for an understanding that transcends the literary and touches the very essence of existence. During

their stay in a small
pottened and poor
guest house,
tensions begin to
surface among the
critics, manifesting
both personally and
professionally. The
desperate search
delineates a stage
where personal
ambitions and
literary pursuits
merge, revealing the

inescapable
complexities of
human connections
and the unending
chase for meaning
within the realms of
art and life.

II. Worlds and Parts I meant in the World

Many worlds and
these writers were

in the 1900s and the
critics in the 1950s
and also then
similarly in the
present world of the
21st century a lot of
worlds in fact or as
it is called a lot of
critic lives and
writer lives and
seminars and
conferances.

I call this many
worlds so far.

A structural
transformation for
the Italian writers
who were from the
long 20th century
and journalists who
did a lot of heroic
interventions
through the long
journey against the
Nazis.

All of this becomes
Arturo and Borges
in the Parthenon
with in fact Ilaan. In
Greece it seems it is
all philosophical and
rumination like.

III. A Professor
Climbing down
the Staircase
in a Part of
Mexico Again

but also in
Argentina
another
Professor
working in
Class

This odd behavior of
La Grangeane
becomes a
Communist way of
dealing with the
professors who all
disagree to take his

pamphlet. His interactions with colleagues and students at the university are imbued with a sense of detachment. Noesa finds himself increasingly isolated, retreating into his own world of philosophical meditations. He reflects on great

philosophical and
literary figures,
pondering questions
about meaning, and
destiny. Sifting
through memories
and ideas, his
thoughts often drift
to his late wife,
Lola, whose
abandonment still
haunts him—a
personal ghost
amidst the real,

tangible threats in
criminal sides of
Latin American
pestizos. The more
he contemplates the
book, the more it
becomes a malady
of the mind to sit
and contemplate the
ex-wife and also the
culture of memories
and writings in the
sense of old books
and works on

geometry he used to
teach in Colegio del
Al, all of this then is
how he smokes and
wastes his time in
the day and wasting
is like day dreaming
all through the day
and smoking and
walking to the car
parking and
washing the car. In
his own ways, Noesa
begins to imagine

the presence of
invisible, malicious
forces. At times, he
believes he hears
whispers,
discussions in
unknown tongues
carried by the
relentless desert
breeze. Noesa's
concerns for Rosa
become paramount,
overshadowing his
own yearnings for

peace and
recognition in the
conference
competition he has
with his predictions
of winning in a prize
way the same
culture he once won
a lot but recently
has lost alot. He
fears for her safety
in a city rife with
corrupt police,
indifferent

authorities, and the
endless brutality of
the murders. He is
reading the
newspaper and
watching television
and decides to walk
to his house and I
mean Rosa's house
to protect his
daughter and the
feeling of complete
helplessness over
the situation

becomes a central conflict as they talked. His reflections take on a distressing tone as he imagines the worst possible scenarios, that she is without the police who he then calls and has a long talk with.

Part IV

I. Realism

The professors in Latin American conventions and writers also participating in the same conventional ways are all then about the teaching process. I also argue they have minds which are all

memories and like a
process of Parara
who then wanders
in roads and writes
letters and smokes a
lot and is also in his
mind thinking all
the time about Rosa
for a year and
helping her with the
academic life of
daily type. Now the
Communist La
Granga jokes this is

what it is like in
Latin American
perichulos when
they do not do
philosophy but live
with the realism of
their lives. I mean in
one rendition, they
keep thinking
obsessively even
about their fights at
work. It is a realism
I give here. First to
get ready and work

out their lives on the daily newspaper and then television and then off to in fact work. I argue La Granga describes these people a lot – “These people you know as Jose is arguing with Jorge there are all about the opposite things, about the daily life in Colegios and

about their
academics and
academic passions,
they are immersed
in memories and are
also in fact

Ayachuclo people, I
mean village people
who then become
educated and work
out their lives in the
sense of what seems
like a mix of crime
and politics and

academics. I mean Ayachuclo is a good meaning of criminal mentalities as it were. Just read this mentality, their consciousness is permeated with crimes, money and academics and that is Colegio del Mexico.”

II. The Part About Fate - A American journalist

Despite his
ambivalence, he
takes on the task,
hoping to tackle
more serious
matters than
sports. Upon
arriving in Mexico,
Noesa is

immediately struck
by the town's
poverty in Mexico
City, a palpable
taxi man hanging
over everything.
His early days are
consumed by
covering the build-
up to the fight,
including
interviews with the
boxers,
promotional

events, and the general buzz surrounding the spectacle. During these interactions, he meets a variety of characters, including sports enthusiasts, local officials, and fellow journalists, each offering their own perspective on life in Santa Teresa. As

fate would have it,
he delves deeper
into his
assignment, his
path crosses and is
intrigued by Rosa's
plight, her father's
odd behavior and
dangers that seem
to haunt their
family.

III. Realism

First there is the
doors and housing
and roof and fan,
this then becomes
the setting which is
of a poorer class of
academics. They are
not the same as
Marxists, not at all
this refined culture
of Kant and Hegel
talking. It is a
poorer class and
then comes the

working man and
his working life and
with it working
thoughts and like
that Parara is in fact
as the newspaper
reports “a culture of
low thinkers and
such low culture
which is about crime
or politics or even
academics which is
then low thinking.
Not high culture

and philosophy, but
low culture and
philosophy.”

Parara was caught
in 2021 for in fact
working out a plan
in police crimes and
working on several
banks and also
working daily in
Colegio del Mexico
and writing a lot of
plagiarised books

and publishing for
fame and has been
seen as a
philosophical man
who reflects on
Manderma as his
philosopher chosen.
Manderma is about
crime and politics in
a translation of
Conservative
philosophers in
Mexico.

VI. Last Part –

Part About The Life
of Italian Benno,

Born Benno Vueli,
emerges as a
complex figure in
the final and most
revealing part of the
long 20th century.
His journey from an
obscure youth to a
renowned but

elusive author
interweaves
personal history
with the broader
currents of 20th-
century events.
Reiter's early life is
marked by an
affinity for the
strange and an
insatiable curiosity
about the world,
traits that set the
foundation for his

literary pursuits
later in life. He
grows up in a
humble German
village, displaying
unusual interests
from an early age,
particularly an
obsession with
underwater life. His
voracious reading
habits become a
sanctuary, but his
youth is soon

disrupted by
Germany and
Nazism. He
participates in
discussions on the
defeat then on
Nazism and tumbles
upon the diaries of a
deceased fellow
soldier, which
recount vivid and
often macabre
stories. These
writings enthrall

Reiter and serve as
a bridge between
his fragmented
experiences and his
developing literary
voice.

Part VII

A Long History
written on Greece,
another long history
written on the 20th
century and a long
history in arcs in the

19th and 21st and
1971 - 2025.

Apart from History,
see here Episodic
Constructions -
Parts about Politics,
Parts about
Detective Fiction
Now articulate all of
this to a long
construction. Add
California and even
American On the
Road.

Like this comes the
newspaper to the
Italian realist
writers about in the
definition of it the
most brilliant news
they read.

Merine wakes up
and is then in a part
of a image, reading
out the language of
art. Which then is
instructions by
Fileppe and his

rendering of a
delusional life into
the process of what
Mérine calls his
image. It means
then to be
interested in the
mansion at Paris,
rue, where then
Elana walks by. The
political
demonstration in
Paris was therefore
of the highest

meaning to Elana
and Fileppe - they
were talking about
the instructions in
theatre, which were
about in 1921 - 22,
a Blanquism being
so dominant.

So in fact, in 1911,
two comrades
walked into a train,
and got off at Paris.
Le Moutaine and
Leresqui were then

talking to the
French circle of
writers. Like this
the evening faded
on Paris and even
then in Moscow. It
was cold and
December when in
fact this process of
history was
unfolding as a
drama that Elena
was in fact
describing to Mara,

in Argentina and in fact in one arc from the perspective of Ilaan. All of this then was history. It was a long process in the sense of a Passegenwork which Le Moutaine and Leresqui were then walking into, when Leon Trotsky was walking to Moscow central

railway station and
smoking his
cigarette in a train
as well – a local to
the working class
side of living
quarters.

II.

In that way then in a
formal way there
was a long English
customary law – that

of the legal permit
to monarchical life
which then ensues
as Marxism and
Philosophy. But not
for common crass
people who was
working on their
suit on monarchism
for in fact denying
them their caste
rights to be part of
their way of life. It is
therefore in legal

history not allowed
as monarchs argued
for the diviner
Spinozan minds who
keep working
science and
philosophy to mix
with these castes of
normal people and
castes and ways of
life and styles of
thinking which is
then about mainly
as Plato argues in a

rendition – first
comes the guy he
has a lot of
problems in his life
and in his mind is
depicting some
crisis for the
parents and they
then day dream and
do a lot of thinking
on common things,
crass things that
bronze class
gentleman who lives

even today in
America, that white
racist man who is
always about racist
ideas like the recent
on, Ilaan checks the
newspaper –
“Pocket ideas for
money” which
means in fact as he
is busy with
modelling when
Leresqui was calling
her on the by-phone

and in fact talking
about visiting her in
Argentina, Buenos
Aires

This was how Ilaan
was working out his
historical writing in
Algeria, and in
India, travelling also
to Greece were
Lauren and
Konderchi were
discussing the work
of art in the

Parthenon – and it
meant then to also
read its sculptural
fragmentation as –
“the process of
Communism finally
from intellectual
and proletarian,
even women’s
feminist
orientations.” We
meant then to pass
into a pub in Berlin
where many

Communists were in fact talking about criminal mentalities in the 1920s.

And so in fact history was unfolding like a process, or even a passegenwork which then compromises at the virtual happiness of each Le Mountaine and Leresqui even

Leon Trotsky and
Lauren and Ilaan –
all of whom were on
the by-phone talking
also to Frida and
Alexandra Kollontai
and even in fact
Rosa Luxembourg.
All of this was a long
history which went
on for many years,
in images – types of
historical works
commissioned by

Lenin and even
types of pamphlets
which were avant-
garde and following
a cinema on the
train which was
common and rare
both - depending on
the temporality of
the working class
general strike which
then was across this
process of daily
drinking and

smoking and talking
to each other at
different points in
history and
countries.

II. A Work of Art – Structuralism

A long history then
of the Italian writers
and even the
modern critics and
Benno and Nuemeri

and all of them who were then in fact in the 1900s working out pamphlets for their type of anarchism and mixed with it as you can tell right wing allegories. I mean in fact the process of writing and reflecting can also be then this long battle between the

right and the left in
that period which
then left won.

III.

And so in fact there
is now a common
work to all the
works being written
– Le Mara is then a
French model, and
Natalia, the
American actor, and
model who was with
Scara and Scarlett

which then was all that was going on in Madrid in the 1921 period. After the October Revolution won in Soviet Union. A number of fashion meetings and even a number of meetings with Alexandra in Iran, and Rosa Luxembourg in Italy. Ilaan was a promised lover and

in fact all about the
work of art called
“Le Veia” which
means to see but
also to see
prophetically and
becomes “La
Maratisa” and is in
fact a prophetic set
of years Alexandra
said to him. He
meant to walk with
her and take a train
and drop her off to

her house in Tehran.
A lot of discussions
then on the
Parthenon “A lot to
say, and a lot to
mean, about history
then?” Alexandra
was saying to Ilaan.
“And so in fact the
Greek metaphysics
of the Rabal is also
in some sense our
work together, this
evening, this night.”

And they talked
some more about
the work of art. As if
it meant to interpret
Communism, as
Rabal, Alexandra
laughed and said
goodbye. For the
evening then, and
Ilaan was off to
Moscow.

III. Images to the
Novel – a Long set

of Images in
Contemporary
Fashion which then
is a movement
towards Recent
History

And so in fact
images queue up to
the scenes which
now criss-cross all
the novels and
ficciones, in the
works of the author.

Reflections of Jorge Luis Borges, and Arturo Belano as well. Imagine then the realism of fiction and the author's images and his lovers.

And so in fact there was a long history passing by the observers and protagonist in Europe and now

also America today –
we mean years
passed by and many
episodes are
constructed about it.

IV. Worlds, Names and People

In many worlds then
comes the story to
Ilaan and the
Communists and in
many ways of life

and styles of
thought and castes.

In fact then Ilaan is
busy doing
philosophy and
Marx and is also
about Hegel. All the
people in the
carriage in this long
history of cars are
then labouring
people who follow
Marxist arguments

still. He then visits the Italian writers and studies their lives. A lot of written excellence on the mentality of the criminal gangs in Italian Southern Sicily.

Finale -
A lot of people pass by and in France

there is then a
surrealist image of
pen writers
association and then
comes the shift to
the axis of working
class people all in
Marxist general
strike and then
comes the Marxists
and Communists all
the same, all alike
and then one is
transferred to the

long history of
Italian writers and
right wingers who
all live in Mexico
even now. In Mexico
one finds this whole
criminal class of
academcis. I mean
call this work what
is called a
portmanteaux of the
workers, peasants,
shipping merchants,
and capitalist

merchants and
philosophers who
then are different in
the portmanteaux it
means in set of
castes and ways of
life there is a lot of
different
mentionings of
expenditure and
money classes.
As Brecht alights
from a flight in New
Delhi, it all means in

this sense a Three
Penny Opera of then
the criminal man
and his right wing
mind and then
comes the heroes.
The Marxists.

“So high,’ he said to
himself, and quite
forgetting to
disembark, he found
himself gradually
pushed up against
the railing by the

massing throng of
porters.

A young man with
whom he had struck
up a slight
acquaintance during
the crossing said to
him in passing:

‘Well, don’t you
want to get off yet?’

‘I’m all ready,’ said
Karl laughing to
him, and in his
exuberance and

because he was a strong lad, he raised his suitcase on to his shoulder. But as he watched his acquaintance disappearing along with the others, swinging a cane, he realized that he had left his umbrella down in the ship. So he hurriedly asked his acquaintance,

who seemed less than overjoyed about it, to be so good as to wait by his suitcase for a moment, took a quick look around for his subsequent orientation, and hurried off. Below deck, he found to his annoyance that a passage that would have considerably

shortened the way
for him was for the
first time barred,
probably something
to do with the fact
that all the
passengers were
disembarking, and
so he was forced
instead to make his
way through
numerous little
rooms, along
continually[...]"

“The second window
was untenanted and
afforded the best
views. But in the
proximity of the
third stood two
gentlemen,
conducting a
muffled
conversation. One of
them was leaning
beside the window,
he too in ship’s

uniform, toying with
the handle of a
sabre. His collocutor
was facing the
window and by
occasional
movements revealed
some part of a row
of medals on the
other's chest. He
was in a civilian suit
and had a thin
bamboo cane,
which, as he had

both hands on his
hips, stood out like a
sache of tea as well.
Karl had little time
to take in all of this,
because a servant
soon approached
the stoker and,
frowning, as though
he didn't belong
there, asked him
what he was doing.
The man replied, as
quietly as he could,

that he wanted a
word with the chief
cashier. The servant
declined this wish
with a movement of
his hand but,
nevertheless, on the
tips of his toes, and
giving the round
table a wide berth,
went up to the man
with the ledgers.
A lot of people pass
by and in France

there is then a
surrealist image of
pen writers
association and then
comes the shift to
the axis of working
class people all in
Marxist general
strike and then
comes the Marxists
and Communists all
the same, all alike
and then one is
transferred to the

long history of
Italian writers and
right wingers who
all live in Mexico
even now. In Mexico
one finds this whole
criminal class of
academcis. I mean
call this work what
is called a
portmanteaux of the
workers, peasants,
shipping merchants,
and capitalist

merchants and
philosophers who
then are different in
the portmanteaux it
means in set of
castes and ways of
life there is a lot of
different
mentionings of
expenditure and
money classes.
As Brecht alights
from a flight in New
Delhi, it all means in

this sense a Three
Penny Opera of then
the criminal man
and his right wing
mind and then
comes the heroes.
The Marxists.
The man – it was
quite evident – froze
at the servant's
words, then finally
turned to face the
man who wanted to
speak[...]"

“After all, it was far from being the only pleasure in his life. In his room there was an American writing desk of the very finest sort, one of the kind his father had been longing for for years, and had tried to find at an affordably cheap

price at various auctions, without ever having been able to afford one with his small means. Of course his desk was nothing like those so-called American desks that turn up at European auctions. For instance the top part of it had a

hundred different compartments of all sizes, so that even the President would have found room for each of his files in it, but even better than that, it had an adjuster at the side, so that by turning a handle one could rearrange and adjust the compartments in

whatever way one
wanted or needed.
Thin lateral
partitions slowly
descended to form
the floors of newly
created
compartments or
the ceilings of
enlarged ones; with
just one turn of the
handle, the
appearance of the
top would be

completely
transformed, and
one could do it
either slowly or at
incredible speed,
depending on how
one turned[...]"

"Every word he says
is true,' said the
man before anyone
could ask, even
before anyone
looked at him.

A lot of people pass
by and in France
there is then a
surrealist image of
pen writers
association and then
comes the shift to
the axis of working
class people all in
Marxist general
strike and then
comes the Marxists
and Communists all
the same, all alike

and then one is
transferred to the
long history of
Italian writers and
right wingers who
all live in Mexico
even now. In Mexico
one finds this whole
criminal class of
academcis. I mean
call this work what
is called a
portmanteaux of the
workers, peasants,

shipping merchants,
and capitalist
merchants and
philosophers who
then are different in
the portmanteaux it
means in set of
castes and ways of
life there is a lot of
different
mentionings of
expenditure and
money classes.

As Brecht alights
from a flight in New
Delhi, it all means in
this sense a Three
Penny Opera of then
the criminal man
and his right wing
mind and then
comes the heroes.
The Marxists.
Such
precipitateness on
the stoker's part
might have cost him

dear, had not the man with the medals, who, as it dawned on Karl, must be the captain, already decided for himself that he would listen to the stoker's case. He put out a hand and called out: 'Come here!' in a voice so firm you could have beaten it with a

hammer. Now everything depended on the conduct of the stoker, for Karl had no doubt as to the rightness of his cause.

Happily, it became clear that the man was well versed in the ways of the world. With

exemplary calmness
he plucked from his
little case a bundle
of papers and a
notebook, and,
completely ignoring
the chief cashier as
though there was no
question of doing
anything else, went
straight to the
captain, and laid out
his evidence on the
window-sill. The

chief cashier had no option but to join them there”

“Mr Green received them in a great hurry, as though there was much catching up to do, he took Mr Pollunder’s arm and pushed Karl and Klara ahead of him into the dining-

room, which, with the flowers on the table half-peeping out of strips of fresh foliage, looked very festive, and made Mr Green's presence doubly regrettable. As he stood by the table waiting for the others to sit down, Karl was glad that the big glass door

into the garden
would be left open,
because a powerful
scent blew up to
them as in an
arbour, when Mr
Green, puffing and
panting, busied
himself with
shutting it, bending
down to the lowest
bolts, reaching up
on tiptoe for the top
ones, and all with

such youthful speed
that by the time the
servant rushed up to
help it was all done.
Mr Green's first
words at table were
expressions of
surprise that Karl
had been permitted
by his uncle to make
this visit. Rapidly,
he spooned soup
into his mouth and
explained to Klara

on his right and Mr
Pollunder on his left
why he was so
surprised, how
closely the uncle
watched over Karl,
and[...].”

She told him to get
up, but he didn't
move or reply.
Somewhere she lit a
candle, and the
room grew light, a

blue zigzag pattern
appeared on the
ceiling, but Karl lay
there, his head on
the sofa cushion,
just as Klara had left
it, and didn't move it
an inch. Klara
walked about the
room, her skirt
swishing against her
legs, then she
stopped for a long
time, probably by

the window, he guessed. 'Snapped out of it?' she could be heard to ask. It was a heavy blow to Karl that in this room, where Mr Pollunder had put him for the night, he could get no rest. This girl was walking about in it, then she would stop and talk, it was all

so inexpressibly
tedious. He wanted
to get to sleep
quickly, and then
get out of here,
nothing more. He
didn't even want to
go to bed, just stay
where he was on the
sofa. He was just
lying there, waiting
for her to leave,
then he would leap
across to the door,

bolt it, and fling
himself back on the
sofa. He had such a
need to stretch and
yawn, but he was
now a militant of
course.”

Part IV – How All
Parts now
Correspond to the
Plan

Now in fact we read the novel, a fiction – it has a consequent history – the whole novel is now meant to be reflected on.

Maratisa, and Mara, and even Veia and Lemara, all of this then is the history of poetry which is intertwined with history of politics and is then about

fragmentation and
Brechtianism, even
Communism.

Conclusion –

And so in fact the
women in American
Idealism, dive into a
swimming pool.

A lot of people pass
by and in France
there is then a
surrealist image of

pen writers
association and then
comes the shift to
the axis of working
class people all in
Marxist general
strike and then
comes the Marxists
and Communists all
the same, all alike
and then one is
transferred to the
long history of
Italian writers and

right wingers who
all live in Mexico
even now. In Mexico
one finds this whole
criminal class of
academcis. I mean
call this work what
is called a
portmanteaux of the
workers, peasants,
shipping merchants,
and capitalist
merchants and
philosophers who

then are different in
the portmanteaux it
means in set of
castes and ways of
life there is a lot of
different
mentionings of
expenditure and
money classes.

As Brecht alights
from a flight in New
Delhi, it all means in
this sense a Three
Penny Opera of then

the criminal man
and his right wing
mind and then
comes the heroes.
The Marxists.

Section II

I. Fiction

II. Biography

III. Marxism

IV. Ideas, Ideens

in

Phenomenology

*V. Diction in
Monarchial
customs of
conversation,
how the person
can be
denounced for
being just a
normal type of
guy*

*VI. Diction in
Lyric, how we
are the most
lyrical people in*

*the Monarchian
Customs*

*VII. You make me
so hot, as the
meaning of the
work.*

*VIII. Read each
part with this
key and read it
as Symphony
and Jazz in the
5th as one would
argue.*

*IX. Example –
Stephen talking
high and about
art then is read
with any thing
here –*

*You make me so hot
then is when he is
swerving and she
swerving here in
highest expressions
and lively jive and
that is then in a 5th
major note, now this*

*is music and is like
in fact a utopian
reduction in our
lives called Lynch
which is then a
Lynchian utopian
mix, on how we see
it as in fact mutli-
facted and complex
human expressions
pouring out, and
that is monarchical
drama – can we then
in fact pronounce*

*the word in
cinematic forms of
us, or are we just in
fact who we are, not
a divine thing, but a
common thing - like
chewing gum and so
we are in fact then
in Symphony in the
5th, about this day in
fact as a normal
day, a boring day
can be performed,
just sitting and*

*playing some old
card games, but we
prefer in fact the
movement of I am
hot, which means
then with a long
historical Epic
journey here
something like how
we transform the
days into history, we
are being right now
as philosophers
guage and announce*

- Epicurean and atomistic of what would flow on another day as in fact singular and hot. It is just the rhythms of De Rerum Natura they explain.

All of this then is indexed and complexly.

*I. A refleccion of
the oddest
things.*

Sunday was
dedicated to the
mystery of the Holy
Trinity, Monday to
the Holy Ghost,
Tuesday to the
Guardian Angels,
Wednesday to Saint

Joseph, Thursday to
the Most Blessed
Sacrament of the
Altar, Friday to the
Suffering Jesus,
Saturday to the
Blessed Virgin
Mary.

*Many instances of
the past then ply
before you as then
in fact one is so
fabulous and so hot*

*that we are all
Finnegan's long
road and this then is
poetry bursting out
of the process. I was
only the movement
of images and such
flights that then
there was existence
this Jewish flight.*

*The developments
of all the days then
Sing high praise of*

*the Gods and is also
then a bend that
makes the women
praise God and this
then is God and it
also means then to
be in the highest
poems and highest
sculptural arts. This
divine thing that
happens then with
music is the
Paraphalanx of the
movements of the*

*Greek hoplites in
war. I am accused of
making things to
divine, like an
alcohol of rum and
its Finnegan poetry
I am told that this
genius is Kabbalah.
I also mean we bend
and this bends the
novels into
experimentalisms of
the more divine.*

He could wait no longer.

From the door of Byron's public-house to the gate of Clontarf Chapel, from the gate of Clontarf Chapel to the door of Byron's public-house and then back again to the chapel and then

back again to the public-house he had paced slowly at first, planting his steps scrupulously in the spaces of the patchwork of the footpath, then timing their fall to the fall of verses. A full hour had passed since his father had gone in with Dan Crosby, the tutor, to

find out for him something about the university. For a full hour he had paced up and down, waiting: but he could wait no longer.

The originals of divinity then used to live a life in Greek housing and this became the story of

*divine Christ like life
and this was the
Franciscans and all
their stories and it
all became then
Marxism. I meant
that miserable poem
which then is so
moving. I mean that
it just becomes
monarchical law
that divinity is lived
in every section of
their life. So divine*

*that the mystery of
the colonials was
how they dressed in
cathedral lined
clothing and spoke
in high praise. What
then is this divining
that keeps
happening to us
what then the
monarchs call in
fact monarchy. You
get my point, we are
monarchs and we*

*are in that culture of
divinity and
kingship we meant
and Queen as she
walks out to meet
Ilaan.*

Yes, his mother
was hostile to the
idea, as he had read
from her listless
silence. Yet her
mistrust pricked

him more keenly
than his father's
pride and he
thought coldly how
he had watched the
faith which was
fading down in his
soul ageing and
strengthening in her
eyes. A dim
antagonism
gathered force
within him and
darkened his mind

as a cloud against
her disloyalty and
when it passed,
cloudlike, leaving
his mind serene and
dutiful towards her
again, he was made
aware dimly and
without regret of a
first noiseless
sundering of their
lives.

The university! So
he had passed

beyond the
challenge of the
sentries who had
stood as guardians
of his boyhood and
had sought to keep
him among them
that he might be
subject to them and
serve their ends.
Pride after
satisfaction uplifted
him like long slow
waves. The end he

had been born to
serve yet did not see
had led him to
escape by an unseen
path and now it
beckoned to him
once more and a
new adventure was
about to be opened
to him. It seemed to
him that he heard
notes of fitful music
leaping upwards a
tone and downwards

a diminished fourth,
upwards a tone and
downwards a major
third, like triple-
branching flames
leaping fitfully,
flame after flame,
out of a midnight
wood. It was an elfin
prelude, endless and
formless; and, as it
grew wilder and
faster, the flames
leaping out of time,

he seemed to hear
from under the
boughs and grasses
wild creatures
racing, their feet
pattering like rain
upon the leaves.
Their feet passed in
pattering tumult
over his mind, the
feet of hares and
rabbits, the feet of
harts and hinds and
antelopes, until he

heard them no more
and remembered
only a proud
cadence from
Newman:

Section III

*Who I was then
was a young man
who was Christian
and sang the days in
Messianism for the
Jewish fact and then*

*became a common
divinity and then
sang the praise of
Christ and became
also the journey to
Christian history
and Churches and
we becomes this
light because in fact
as all stories go it is
such great
expectations from
you to be less
Spartacus bound to*

*the poorest fleets
and ascend to the
margins of the
Sculpture. You are
not then this
common divine
subject, but a great
expectation to meet
then the world
which is all about
the French style
Alenette, we expect
you to join us.*

—Whose feet are as
the feet of harts and
underneath the
everlasting arms.

The pride of that
dim image brought
back to his mind the
dignity of the office
he had refused. All
through his boyhood
he had mused upon
that which he had so
often thought to be

his destiny and
when the moment
had come for him to
obey the call he had
turned aside,
obeying a wayward
instinct. Now time
lay between: the oils
of ordination would
never anoint his
body. He had
refused. Why?

*Right now, when
you're gone the*

*pieces of my heart
are missing you. I
am then the
Christian person
who then is
voyaging in ships
and making
cathedrals, all this
you miss about the
life of grace. But we
murder it Lenin
and Trotsky shout
with the working
class, we are the*

*ruin, we are those
natural ruins in
Mexico. We are that
sepulchral cry and
that battle fly. We
are then fleets as
Greek boats all
ascend into a pure
alignment.*

Chapter II

The lore which he
was believed to pass

his days brooding
upon so that it had
rapt him from the
companionship of
youth was only a
garner of slender
sentences from
Aristotle's poetics
and psychology and
a *Synopsis*
Philosophiæ
Scholasticæ ad
mentem div.i His
thinking was a dusk

of doubt and
selfmistrust, lit up
at moments by the
lightnings of
intuition, but
lightnings of so
clear a splendour
that in those
moments the world
perished about his
feet as if it had been
fireconsumed; and
thereafter his
tongue grew heavy

and he met the eyes
of others with
unanswering eyes,
for he felt that the
spirit of beauty had
folded him round
like a mantle and
that in reverie at
least he had been
acquainted with
nobility. But when
this brief pride of
silence upheld him
no longer he was

glad to find himself
still in the midst of
common lives,
passing on his way
amid the squalor
and noise and cloth
of the city fearlessly
and with a light
heart.

Chapter III

*Then it seems like a
flight and becomes*

*the movement of
arrows and also the
poorest Christian
life spent in the
mire of poverty and
I mean then all this
is poor.*

Lynch nodded.

—I remember that,
he said, *Pulcra sunt
quæ visa placent.*

—He uses the
word *visa*, said
Stephen, to cover

esthetic
apprehensions of all
kinds, whether
through sight or
hearing or through
any other avenue of
apprehension. This
word, though it is
vague, is clear
enough to keep
away good and evil
which excite desire
and loathing. It
means certainly a

stasis and not a kinesis. How about the true? It produces also a stasis of the mind. You would not write your name in pencil across the hypotenuse of a rightangled triangle.

—No, said Lynch, give me the hypotenuse of the Venus of Praxiteles.

—Static therefore,
said Stephen. Plato,
I believe, said that
beauty is the
splendour of truth. I
don't think that it
has a meaning, but
the true and the
beautiful are akin.
Truth is beheld by
the intellect which
is appeased by the
most satisfying
relations of the

intelligible; beauty is beheld by the imagination which is appeased by the most satisfying relations of the sensible. The first step in the direction of truth is to understand the frame and scope of the intellect itself, to comprehend the act itself of intellection.

Aristotle's entire system of philosophy rests upon his book of psychology and that, I think, rests on his statement that the same attribute cannot at the same time and in the same connexion belong to and not belong to the same subject. The first

step in the direction of beauty is to understand the frame and scope of the imagination, to comprehend the act itself of esthetic apprehension. Is that clear?

—But what is beauty? asked Lynch impatiently. Out with another definition.

Something we see
and like! Is that the
best you and
Aquinas can do?

—Let us take
woman, said
Stephen.

—Let us take her!
said Lynch
fervently.

—The Greek, the
Turk, the Chinese,
the Copt, the
Hottentot, said

Stephen, all admire
a different type of
female beauty. That
seems to be a maze
out of which we
cannot escape. I
see, however, two
ways out. One is this
hypothesis: that
every physical
quality admired by
men in women is in
direct connexion
with the manifold

functions of women
for the propagation
of the species. It
may be so. The
world, it seems, is
drearier than even
you, Lynch,
imagined. For my
part I dislike that
way out. It leads to
eugenics rather
than to esthetic. It
leads you out of the
maze into a new

gaudy lectureroom
where MacCann,
with one hand
on *The Origin of
Species* and the
other hand on the
new testament, tells
you that you
admired the great
flanks of Venus
because you felt
that she would bear
you burly offspring
and admired her

great breasts
because you felt
that she would give
good milk to her
children and yours.

—Then MacCann is
a sulphuryellow liar,
said Lynch
energetically.

—There remains
another way out,
said Stephen,
laughing.

—To wit? said
Lynch.

—This hypothesis,
Stephen began.

A long dray laden
with old iron came
round the corner of
Sir Patrick Dun's
hospital covering
the end of Stephen's
speech with the
harsh roar of
jangled and rattling
metal. Lynch closed

his ears and gave out oath after oath till the dray had passed. Then he turned on his heel rudely. Stephen turned also and waited for a few moments till his companion's ill-humour had had its vent.

—This hypothesis, Stephen repeated, is

the other way out:
that, though the
same object may not
seem beautiful to all
people, all people
who admire a
beautiful object find
in it certain
relations which
satisfy and coincide
with the stages
themselves of all
esthetic
apprehension. These

relations of the
sensible, visible to
you through one
form and to me
through another,
must be therefore
the necessary
qualities of beauty.
Now, we can return
to our old friend
saint Thomas for
another pennyworth
of wisdom.

Lynch laughed.

—It amuses me vastly, he said, to hear you quoting him time after time like a jolly round friar. Are you laughing in your sleeve?

—MacAlister, answered Stephen, would call my esthetic theory applied Aquinas. So far as this side of

esthetic philosophy
extends, Aquinas
will carry me all
along the line. When
we come to the
phenomena of
artistic conception,
artistic gestation,
and artistic
reproduction I
require a new
terminology and a
new personal
experience.

—Of course, said Lynch. After all Aquinas, in spite of his intellect, was exactly a good round friar. But you will tell me about the new personal experience and new terminology some other day. Hurry up and finish the first part.

—Who knows? said
Stephen, smiling.
Perhaps Aquinas
would understand
me better than you.
He was a poet
himself. He wrote a
hymn for Maundy
Thursday. It begins
with the
words *Pange lingua*
gloriosi. They say it
is the highest glory
of the hymnal. It is

an intricate and
soothing hymn. I
like it; but there is
no hymn that can be
put beside that
mournful and
majestic
processional song,
the *Vexilla Regis* of
Venantius
Fortunatus.

Lynch began to
sing softly and

solemnly in a deep
bass voice:

Inpleta sunt
quæ concinit
David fidei
carmine
Dicendo
nationibus
Regnavit a
ligno Deus.

—That's great! he
said, well pleased.
Great music!

They turned into
Lower Mount
Street. A few steps
from the corner a
fat young man,
wearing a silk
neckcloth, saluted
them and stopped.

But that is literary
talk. I understand it
so. When you have
apprehended that
basket as one thing
and have then

analysed it
according to its
form and
apprehended it as a
thing you make the
only synthesis which
is logically and
esthetically
permissible. You see
that it is that thing
which it is and no
other thing. The
radiance of which
he speaks in the

scholastic *quidditas*,
the *whatness* of a
thing. This supreme
quality is felt by the
artist when the
esthetic image is
first conceived in his
imagination. The
mind in that
mysterious instant
Shelley likened
beautifully to a
fading coal. The
instant wherein that

supreme quality of
beauty, the clear
radiance of the
esthetic image, is
apprehended
luminously by the
mind which has
been arrested by its
wholeness and
fascinated by its
harmony is the
luminous silent
stasis of esthetic
pleasure, a spiritual

state very like to
that cardiac
condition which the
Italian physiologist
Luigi Galvani, using
a phrase almost as
beautiful as
Shelley's, called the
enchantment of the
heart.

Stephen paused
and, though his
companion did not
speak, felt that his

words had called up
around them a
thought-enchanted
silence.

—What I have said,
he began again,
refers to beauty in
the wider sense of
the word, in the
sense which the
word has in the
literary tradition. In
the marketplace it
has another sense.

When we speak of beauty in the second sense of the term our judgement is influenced in the first place by the art itself and by the form of that art. The image, it is clear, must be set between the mind or senses of the artist himself and the mind or senses of others. If

you bear this in
memory you will see
that art necessarily
divides itself into
three forms
progressing from
one to the next.
These forms are: the
lyrical form, the
form wherein the
artist presents his
image in immediate
relation to himself;
the epical form, the

form wherein he presents his image in mediate relation to himself and to others; the dramatic form, the form wherein he presents his image in immediate relation to others.

—That you told me a few nights ago, said Lynch, and we

began the famous discussion.

—I have a book at home, said Stephen, in which I have written down questions which are more amusing than yours were. In finding the answers to them I found the theory of esthetic which I am trying to explain. Here are

some questions I set myself: *Is a chair finely made tragic or comic? Is the portrait of Mona Lisa good if I desire to see it? Is the bust of Sir Philip Crampton lyrical, epical or dramatic. If not, why not?*

—Why not, indeed?
said Lynch,
laughing.

—If a man hacking in fury at a block of wood, Stephen continued, make there an image of a cow, is that image a work of art? If not, why not?

—That's a lovely one, said Lynch, laughing again. That has the true scholastic stink.

—Lessing, said
Stephen, should not
have taken a group
of statues to write
of. The art, being
inferior, does not
present the forms I
spoke of
distinguished clearly
one from another.
Even in literature,
the highest and
most spiritual art,
the forms are often

confused. The lyrical form is in fact the simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion, a rhythmical cry such as ages ago cheered on the man who pulled at the oar or dragged stones up a slope. He who utters it is more conscious of the instant of emotion than of

himself as feeling
emotion. The
simplest epical form
is seen emerging
out of lyrical
literature when the
artist prolongs and
broods upon himself
as the centre of an
epical event and this
form progresses till
the centre of
emotional gravity is
equidistant from the

artist himself and
from others. The
narrative is no
longer purely
personal. The
personality of the
artist passes into
the narration itself,
flowing round and
round the persons
and the action like a
vital sea. This
progress you will
see easily in that old

English

ballad *Turpin*

Hero, which begins in the first person and ends in the third person. The dramatic form is reached when the vitality which has flowed and eddied round each person fills every person with such vital force that he or she

assumes a proper
and intangible
esthetic life. The
personality of the
artist, at first a cry
or a cadence or a
mood and then a
fluid and lambent
narrative, finally
refines itself out of
existence,
impersonalizes
itself, so to speak.
The esthetic image

in the dramatic form
is life purified in and
reprojected from the
human imagination.
The mystery of
esthetic, like that of
material creation, is
accomplished. The
artist, like the God
of creation, remains
within or behind or
beyond or above his
handiwork, invisible,
refined out of

existence,
indifferent, paring
his fingernails.

—Trying to refine
them also out of
existence, said
Lynch.

A fine rain began to
fall from the high
veiled sky and they
turned into the
duke's lawn to reach
the national library

before the shower
came.

—What do you
mean, Lynch asked
surlily, by prating
about beauty and
the imagination in
this miserable
Godforsaken island?
No wonder the artist
retired within or
behind his
handiwork after

having perpetrated
this country.

The rain fell faster.
When they passed
through the passage
beside Kildare
house they found
many students
sheltering under the
arcade of the
library. Cranly,
leaning against a
pillar, was picking
his teeth with a

sharpened match,
listening to some
companions. Some
girls stood near the
entrance door.
Lynch whispered to
Stephen:

—Your beloved is
here.

Section III

*In the pure
movement of bodies*

*and arrows then the
Greek hoplites made
the whole process
simple in a simple
ascendence of the
steps on a staircase.
And it means then
as all the literate
few women also
went to read
Spanish poems.*

I call this Spanish.

—And if you got nothing, would you rob?

—You wish me to say, Stephen answered, that the rights of property are provisional, and that in certain circumstances it is not unlawful to rob. Everyone would act in that belief. So I will not make you

that answer. Apply
to the jesuit
theologian Juan
Mariana de Talavera
who will also explain
to you in what
circumstances you
may lawfully kill
your king and
whether you had
better hand him his
poison in a goblet or
smear it for him
upon his robe or his

saddlebow. Ask me
rather would I suffer
others to rob me or,
if they did, would I
call down upon
them what I believe
is called the
chastisement of the
secular arm?

*Brechtianism
demands then the
process to be art*

regime as then the whole movement of an ascendance is then given to ascend and this then is the Marxists who thrill it all to general proletarian revolt which of you are the leader and the life expresses all of Communism.

*Fever then is
handled with divine
Franciscan cure
and even added to
develop the story. I
mean then we live
this immortal art. I
mean Spartacus is
lived then in
Marxism.*

*March 20. Long
talk with Cranly on*

the subject of my revolt.

He had his grand manner on. I supple and suave. Attacked me on the score of love for one's mother. Tried to imagine his mother: cannot. Told me once, in a moment of thoughtlessness, his father was sixtyone when he

was born. Can see
him. Strong farmer
type. Pepper and
salt suit. Square
feet. Unkempt,
grizzled beard.
Probably attends
coursing matches.
Pays his dues
regularly but not
plentifully to Father
Dwyer of Larras.
Sometimes talks to
girls after nightfall.

But his mother?
Very young or very
old? Hardly the first.
If so, Cranly would
not have spoken as
he did. Old then.
Probably, and
neglected. Hence
Cranly's despair of
soul: the child of
exhausted loins.

March 21, morning.
Thought this in bed
last night but was

too lazy and free to
add to it. Free, yes.
The exhausted loins
are those of
Elizabeth and
Zacchary. Then he is
the precursor. Item:
he eats chiefly belly
bacon and dried
figs. Read locusts
and wild honey.
Also, when thinking
of him, saw always a
stern severed head

or death mask as if
outlined on a grey
curtain or veronica.
Decollation they call
it in the fold.
Puzzled for the
moment by saint
John at the Latin
gate. What do I see?
A decollated
precursor trying to
pick the lock.

I mean then a Marxist key to the problem I mean read the key works of basic works and solve it all as you feel. Be a Marxist, and be a leader and revolt with the people. Such an anarchism.

March 21, night.

Free. Soul free and
fancy free. Let the
dead bury the dead.
Ay. And let the dead
marry the dead.

March 22. In
company with Lynch
followed a sizeable
hospital nurse.
Lynch's idea. Dislike
it. Two lean hungry
men walking after a
heifer.

March 23. Have not seen her since that night. Unwell? Sits at the fire perhaps with mamma's shawl on her shoulders. But not peevish. A nice bowl of gruel? Won't you now?

March 24. Began with a discussion with my mother. Subject: B.V.M.

Handicapped by my
sex and youth. To
escape held up
relations between
Jesus and Papa
against those
between Mary and
her son. Said
religion was not a
lying-in hospital.
Mother indulgent.
Said I have a queer
mind and have read
too much. Not true.

Have read little and
understood less.
Then she said I
would come back to
faith because I had
a restless mind. This
means to leave
church by backdoor
of sin and re-enter
through the skylight
of repentance.
Cannot repent. Told
her so and asked for

sixpence. Got
threepence.

Then went to
college. Other
wrangle with little
round head rogue's
eye Ghezzi. This
time about Bruno
the Nolan. Began in
Italian and ended in
pidgin English. He
said Bruno was a
terrible heretic. I
said he was terribly

burned. He agreed to this with some sorrow. Then gave me recipe for what he calls *risotto alla bergamasca*. When he pronounces a soft *o* he protrudes his full carnal lips as if he kissed the vowel. Has he? And could he repent? Yes, he could: and cry two round

rogue's tears, one
from each eye.

Crossing
Stephen's, that is,
my Green,
remembered that
his countrymen and
not mine had
invented what
Cranly the other
night called our
religion. A quartet
of them, soldiers of
the ninetyseventh

infantry regiment,
sat at the foot of the
cross and tossed up
dice for the overcoat
of the crucified.

Went to library.
Tried to read three
reviews. Useless.
She is not out yet.
Am I alarmed?
About what? That
she will never be out
again.

Blake wrote:

I wonder if
William Bond
will die
For assuredly
he is very ill.

Alas, poor William!
I was once at a
diorama in Rotunda.
At the end were
pictures of big nobs.
Among them
William Ewart
Gladstone, just then
dead. Orchestra

played *O, Willie, we
have missed you.*

A race of
cloudhoppers!

I mean then a
Marxist key to the
problem I mean
read the key works
of basic works and
solve it all as you
feel. Be a Marxist,
and be a leader and
revolt with the

people. Such
anarchism.

March 25, morning.
A troubled night of
dreams. Want to get
them off my chest.

A long curving
gallery. From the
floor ascend pillars
of running men.

Strange figures
advance as from a
cave. They are not

as tall as men. One does not seem to stand quite apart from another. Their faces are phosphorescent, with darker streaks. They peer at me and their eyes seem to ask me something. They do not speak.

March 30. This evening Cranly was in the porch of the

library, proposing a problem to Dixon and her brother.

This mentality, Lepidus would say, is indeed bred out of your mud by the operation of your sun.

And mine? Is it not too? Then into Nile mud with it!

April 1. Disapprove of this last phrase.

April 2. Saw her drinking tea and eating cakes in Johnston's, Mooney and O'Brien's. Rather, lynx-eyed Lynch saw her as we passed. He tells me Cranly was invited there by brother. Did he bring his crocodile? Is he the shining light now? Well, I discovered

him. I protest I did.
Shining quietly
behind a bushel of
Wicklow bran.

April 3. Met Davin
at the cigar shop
opposite Findlater's
church. He was in a
black sweater and
had a hurley stick.
Asked me was it
true I was going
away and why. Told
him the shortest

way to Tara
was *via* Holyhead.
Just then my father
came up.
Introduction. Father
polite and
observant. Asked
Davin if he might
offer him some
refreshment. Davin
could not, was going
to a meeting. When
we came away
father told me he

had a good honest
eye. Asked me why I
did not join a rowing
club. I pretended to
think it over. Told
me then how he
broke

Pennyfeather's
heart. Wants me to
read law. Says I was
cut out for that.
More mud, more
such poverty.

April 5. Wild
spring. Scudding
clouds. O life! Dark
stream of swirling
bogwater on which
appletrees have cast
down their delicate
flowers. Eyes of
girls among the
leaves. Girls demure
and romping. All fair
or auburn: no dark
ones. They blush
better. Houp-la!

April 6. Certainly she remembers the past. Lynch says all women do. Then she remembers the time of her childhood—and mine if I was ever a child. The past is consumed in the present and the present is living only because it brings forth the future. Statues of women, if

Lynch be right,
should always be
fully draped, one
hand of the woman
feeling regretfully
her own hinder
parts.

April 6, later.

Michael Robartes
remembers
forgotten beauty
and, when his arms
wrap her round, he
presses in his arms

the loveliness which
has long faded from
the world. Not this.
Not at all. I desire to
press in my arms
the loveliness which
has not yet come
into the world.

April 10. Faintly,
under the heavy
night, through the
silence of the city
which has turned
from dreams to

dreamless sleep as a
weary lover whom
no caresses move,
the sound of hoofs
upon the road. Not
so faintly now as
they come near the
bridge; and in a
moment, as they
pass the darkened
windows, the silence
is cloven by alarm
as by an arrow.
They are heard now

far away, hoofs that
shine amid the
heavy night as
gems, hurrying
beyond the sleeping
fields to what
journey's end—what
heart?—bearing
what tidings?

April 11. Read what
I wrote last night.
Vague words for a
vague emotion.
Would she like it? I

think so. Then I should have to like it also.

April 13. That tundish has been on my mind for a long time. I looked it up and find it English and good old blunt English too. Damn the dean of studies and his funnel! What did he come here for to teach us his own

language or to learn
it from us. Damn
him one way or the
other!

April 14. John
Alphonsus
Mulrennan has just
returned from the
west of Ireland.
European and
Asiatic papers
please copy. He told
us he met an old
man there in a

mountain cabin. Old
man had red eyes
and short pipe. Old
man spoke Irish.
Mulrennan spoke
Irish. Then old man
and Mulrennan
spoke English.
Mulrennan spoke to
him about
astronomy and
stars. Old man sat,
listened, smoked,
spat. Then said:

How we should die
for art, and live for
art, this poetic fly of
a life, I am now
walking in the
water, I am in fact
Christian and even
with simplicities as
a Jewish joke on
how I am not that
and this then is my
transcendence of
the facticity.

I fear him. I fear
his redrimmed
horny eyes. It is
with him I must
struggle all through
this night till day
come, till he or I lie
dead, gripping him
by the sinewy throat
till... Till what? Till

he yield to me? No. I mean no harm.

April 15. Met her today point blank in Grafton Street. The crowd brought us together. We both stopped. She asked me why I never came, said she had heard all sorts of stories about me. This was only to gain time. Asked me

was I writing
poems? About
whom? I asked her.
This confused her
more and I felt sorry
and mean. Turned
off that valve at
once and opened the
spiritual-heroic
refrigerating
apparatus, invented
and patented in all
countries by
Alighieri. Talked

rapidly of myself
and my plans. In the
midst of it unluckily
I made a sudden
gesture of a
revolutionary
nature. I must have
looked like a fellow
throwing a handful
of peas into the air.
People began to
look at us. She
shook hands a
moment after and,

in going away, said she hoped I would do what I said.

Now I call that friendly, don't you?

Yes, I liked her today. A little or much? Don't know. I liked her and it seems a new feeling to me. Then, in that case, all the rest, all that I thought I thought and all that

I felt I felt, all the
rest before now, in
fact... O, give it up,
old chap! Sleep it
off!

April 16. Away!
Away!

Conclusion –

Life as we know it,
in Hegel's eyes.

*In pure diction, then
a man announces a
whole process of
simple and pure
being, that
determined thing
called eccentric and
perfect knowledge,
and also
imperfections of life.
That lacking, that
divorce, that
violence, and that
withering which*

*then is Wuthering
Heights for a few
who wither
materialism.*

*I mean wither then
materialism.*

*In some forms, the
art fineties and the
normal
imperfections then
is discussed as
mathematical*

*quality which then is
the work being
rummaged into a
joke, the simple joke
is then how we are
simply anyone else
but not that criminal
mentalities, which
then is Life then as
we know it.*